

Strict Integrity, Efficient Service, A Clean, Complete Stock, Small Profits and Quick Returns are the Watchwords at the

Department Store

JEWELRY, WATCH REPAIRS, INDIAN BRACELETS
Best Native Jeweler and Engraver in Alaska Employed for This Department of the Store
Curios, Souvenirs, Postals, Stationery, Books
and Periodicals, Cigars and
Tobaccos

Large Stock of General Merchandise Always on Hand, Wholesale or Retail

Local Agent for Eastman Kodak Co., Victor Talking Machine Co.,
Washington and Mayer Shoes—the best all around line of Shoes
in Alaska,—Amazon Hip Rubbers—the best yet, good looking and
strong and guaranteed,—Finck's Overalls, Bridge & Beach Stoves,
Ivy Flour—"it clings like the ivy"—once tried, always used.

We are Sole Agents for **THE MAYER SHOE**

SLOW, BUT SURE is a motto that will apply to some things, but it does not appeal to the people who **WEAR MAYER SHOES**, for they are not slow to appreciate foot comfort and are sure where they can find it.

The leather used in making the Mayer Shoe is made in Milwaukee, the largest leather-producing city in the world. Being in the very midst of this great industry enables them to pick from the choicest product, and this is one of the reasons why the Mayer Shoe will outwear any other.

Furs Purchased at Highest Prices

Farquhar Matheson

Successor to F. W. CARLYON

General Merchant and Forwarding Agent

Local and General

The Wrangell Drug Co.

This will be a BIG day in Wrangell.

Whoever wins in that tug of war, today, will pull for it.

That fire house has been completed, and looks neat.

John Mantle came up from Olive Bay, Sunday, for a few days' stay.

Roach is here with his gun, and says he's out for the prize. He'll have to do some good shooting if he gets it.

Judging from what has been seen in practice, those double scull races today will be close and exciting.

Messrs. Wilson and Gaby were in town from Lake Bay, the fore part of the week. The cannery has begun operations.

The Taku Jack came up Sunday and took out an additional crew of fishermen for the Santa Ana cannery.

Ex-mayor P. C. Jensen, after being out as chef for Richardson & Locker's logging crew for some months, is in to help his old home town celebrate.

Miss Minnetta Smith came up from Bellingham, Wash., last week to visit her father, Frank Smith, the dairyman, until school opens in the fall.

Philip Haught will do your tanning and make your bear-skin rugs and buckskin at reasonable prices. Buckskin always on hand.

SENTINEL office has this week printed the Alaska Cross-Bearer for July, consisting of 22 pages. This little periodical is destined to become a factor in the upbuilding of Alaska.

Some "smart Alex" tourists got the proper set back when they commenced poking fun at Al Osborne, last week, but not more than they deserved. Ask Al about it.

Deputy Marshal Grant has one of the prettiest moose heads ever brought to this town. F. H. Gray staged in to mount it, but owing to a bad scalp will have to wait until he gets another.

The Ragnbild came in from Scow Bay, Monday, and Tuesday morning left out for Shakan and Calder to bring the people from those points in to celebrate at Wrangell.

Mrs. Oscar Carlson and two boys returned on the Ragnbild, Monday, from Wrangell Narrows, where they had been with Mr. Carlson for some weeks.

The McKay boys were in from Card's logging camp, last week, and said their crew would be here on the 4th to pull down the stakes in the tug of war contest.

The Spokane was here Monday afternoon on her way north with upwards of an hundred tourists—the best looking crowd of excursionists that ever stopped here. Capt. Carroll and Purser Jones make it pleasant for the people.

After operating his logging machine down the south channel for several mos, George Card last week moved his outfit over to just this side of Ideal Cove, where he has a good body of timber from which to select logs.

Prosecuting Attorney John J. Boyce came down on the Humboldt on his way to California on a vacation, and stopped off at Wrangell to look after some legal matters that demanded his attention. He was accompanied by C. T. Twinn, his amanuensis.

Frederick Bronson celebrated his 10th birthday last Saturday, June 29th, and in the evening a number of his young friends joined in making the event one of pleasure at the home of Frederick's parents.

The Hazelton arrived up from the Skeena, Friday, loaded Saturday and left up the Stikine early Sunday morning, so as to get back to celebrate the 4th at Wrangell. She carries the same jolly crew as last year, headed by Capt. Bussey, Purser Lockerby and Chief Hickey. The Hazelton may remain on the Stikine run until September.

Upon the return to Duluth of Mr. Rayburn, the mining expert, who was here a few weeks ago, Messrs. Swallow & Hopkins of Duluth telegraphed the owners of the Glacier Basin group of claims that they would take their property, making a deposit on the same as a guarantee of good faith. Further than this we are not privileged to speak at this time.

The Shakespeare Club was fully organized last Friday, by the election of the following officers: Miss Ella Woods, president; Mrs. W. G. Thomas, vice-president; Mrs. H. C. DeVighe, secretary; Mrs. Geo. O. L. Snyder, assistant secretary; Mrs. Chas. Steadman, treasurer; Miss Woods, Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Barnes, executive committee. The Club will meet every Friday at the residences of members appearing in alphabetical order on their roll. This brings them to Mrs. Barnes' next Friday. The object of the Club is to study Shakespeare and to improve the members' intellectual.

The shooting match will take place this morning at 8 o'clock, sharp, on the beach just west of town. Remember the hour and place and be there, as the shooting must start promptly, to get through for other events.

Alex Vreant, Guy Carson and Carl Schumacher are celebrating the 4th up on the Iskut, where they have gone in search of precious metals. They are in British territory, but that will not cool their American ardor any on the 4th of July.

The Rev. Edward Runk delivered a lecture and reading at the Presbyterian church last Monday night, which was of a very high literary order, and was enjoyed by those present. The subject of his lecture was "The Rise and Growth of Our Country," and was interspersed with readings from his three Epic Poems, "Washington," "Cosmos" and "Christos," three works of unusual literary merit. It was an evening pleasantly and well spent.

Mr. W. A. Eaton, of Duluth, Minn., who has been looking over the mines of this section the past two weeks, left on his return home by the last boat. Mr. Eaton is well pleased with the appearance of several properties and especially Johnson and Olson's "Ground Hog" claims, from which he carries some samples of ore, for testing, and if it proves all that he thinks it is, he will take the property.

Little Andrew—"Bear Hunter"—Engstrom got a bad fall from one of the wharf cars, Saturday. The car was running at a rapid rate with the little fellow upon it, when it struck the switch, jumped the track, and he was hurled from it. Fortunately no bones were broken. In this connection SENTINEL would ask if it is not risky business for the small boys to fool around those cars as they do? We fear some of them will get badly hurt some day.

Messrs. L. M. and C. C. Grider and Frank Oswald, real estate men of Los Angeles, Calif., on pleasure bent are spending a few days in this section. They wish to capture a bear, but the "festive mosquito" makes life unbearable for them in brain's haunts—in fact the ar. Mr. Grider was rendered almost an invalid through one night's operations of the little pests, and he thinks it pretty tough to come three thousand miles to be chewed up by mosquitos. He must remember, however, that this is the romantic part of the trip, and an outing without a "romance" is no outing at all. John Wain is acting as pilot for the party.

WATER! WATER! WATER!

Indications Favorable for Good Supply at Wrangell

No fact is more patent to a thinking person or one that has studied the trend of public affairs in this day of progress, than that one of the first things to be considered in the laying out and establishing of a town is, "What is the chance for a bounteous supply of good, wholesome water?" The very life of a town or city, depend upon it, not alone for the assurance of good health and cleanliness, but as a protection against fire to all who desire to build homes or enter the business circles of the place. The SENTINEL takes it for granted that all people concede this, hence it is useless to mention the whys and wherefores that should impel the citizens of any town toward united effort in securing this boon, the most necessary of all others.

Wrangell, one of the oldest towns in the northwest, has never been fortunate enough to secure a system of waterworks. It was not because the water was not to be had, but it was because through placing barrels and other receptacles under the eaves of buildings. Nature supplied, free of expense or effort, sufficient water—such as it was—for culinary and washing purposes. Fires, there were none until that memorable night of March 24th, 1906, when the main business portion was wiped out, which, it is safe to say, would not have occurred had there been a good water system, with which to have combatted the flames. This set those having large property interests in the place to thinking seriously of this most important of questions affecting the welfare of the town—the prettiest of all places in Alaska.

At the May meeting of the Wrangell Chamber of Commerce a committee consisting of the solid business men of the town was appointed to look into the matter of securing a system that shall assure an abundant supply of water for all purposes. This committee have not been idle by any means, but have met several times to talk over the matter, and last Friday took a trip up into the mountains east of town to look out a head—and they found it. A little over a mile from town is the head of Whitney Creek; also Graveyard Creek, and another small stream. There are two branches of Whitney Creek, one branch trending northeast, the other northwest; the other streams run to the southwest, and into the latter all of the streams can be easily turned, at small expense, which would give an inexhaustible supply of pure mountain water. They further found that the formation of the mountains and canyons is such that a large reservoir can be easily constructed by building a substantial dam that could be done with material close at hand. The only obstruction to laying a pipeline between town and the site contemplated for a reservoir is the small ridge or "hog-back" that is seen from town. This, however, it is said, can be overcome by tunneling about 100 feet, at an expense of perhaps \$10 per foot.

So, all things considered, the seven gentlemen who went out to look into this matter, returned highly encouraged and with the belief that it is not going to be such a gigantic undertaking as it has been thought all along to secure for Wrangell a system of water works that shall insure for all time to come an abundant supply of pure mountain water.

All honor, thanks and credit is due those who have looked thus far into this all-important matter that means so much for the welfare and prosperity of Wrangell.

THE CITY STORE

Donald Sinclair, Proprietor

Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes,
Dry Goods, Hardware, Paints,
Oils, Stoves, Etc.

FRESH FRUITS IN SEASON

Logging, Fishing, Prospecting and Mining Outfits
A SPECIALTY

Everything at Lowest Prices

St. Michael Trading Company

New Spring Goods Are Arriving Continually
Oil Clothes—Cannery Supplies

Large Assortment Ladies' Suiting and White Goods

Tin Shop in Connection

Camp Stoves, Heaters and Gasoline Tanks Made to Order

Odd Jobs on Short Notice

Sole Agents for Chase & Sanborn Coffee and Hercules Powder

much for the welfare and prosperity of Wrangell.

Of the financial part of the movement we shall speak later.

INTERNATIONAL HYMN.

(PROF. GEORGE HUNTINGTON)

Two empires by the sea,
Two nations, great and free,
One anthem raise.
One race of ancient fame,
One tongue, one faith, we claim,
One God, whose Glorious Name,
We love and praise.

What deeds our fathers wrought,
What battles we have fought,
Let fame record.
Now, vengeful passion, cease,
Come, victories of peace;
Nor hate, nor pride's caprice
Unsheathe the sword.

Now, may the God, above,
Guard the dear lands we love,
Or East or West;
Let love more fervent glow,
As peaceful ages go,
And strength yet stronger grow,
Blessing and blest.

PROGRAM FOR FOURTH.

Following is the program to be carried out this morning, beginning at 10 o'clock sharp:

Bugle Call.
Call to order by Mayor McCormack.
Prayer by Rev. J. S. Clark.
Song, "America, the Beautiful," by the children.
Reading Declaration, by G. E. Rodman.
International Hymn, by the children.
Address, by A. V. R. Snyder.
Song, by Male Quartette.
Closing Song, "America," by all.

Orville and Bert Palmer, with the rest of the Barnes logging crew, are in for the 4th. By the way they are a pretty skookum looking lot of fellows, and if they leave on a tug of war rope, something is going to give way at the other end.

The SENTINEL office is crowded with job work. Good, clean work and fair, living prices are what talk.

The Jefferson was here Tuesday evening, on her way north, with 175 jolly tourists. They remained here 1 1/2 hours which gave the people a good opportunity to see the totem poles and such. All remarked Wrangell's beautiful town-site.

The fireworks tonight will be put off on Point Shakesy—opposite the wharf, beginning about 9 o'clock. This will insure safety from fire, and all can see.



THE BAKER DRUG CO. IS NOW ESTABLISHED AT WRANGELL

REMEMBER, when you are in need of medicine, be sure to buy where the wise ones buy: the store where drugs are dispensed by men skilled in the latest scientific technicalities of Pharmaceutical Chemistry; the store where no skill in buying is needed, as we give you the truthful benefit of our widespread experience. Your own judgment will endorse our words, and our work makes each patron a "booster" for our store.

You Sometimes Need Our Goods
WE ALWAYS NEED THE MONEY. TRY US

The Hudson's Bay Co's. Steamer HAZELTON

Will leave Wrangell, Alaska, for Telegraph Creek, B. C., and way points along the Stikine River, on or about

MAY 20, 1907

offering finest accommodations for tourists and hunters.

For rates and other particulars, address

G. LOCKERBY, Purser,
J. P. BUCEY, Master. Wrangell, Alaska

FOURTH OF JULY SPORTS

Events	Eligible	1st	2nd	3rd
Rifle shooting	Open to all	\$ 10.00	\$ 5.00	
100-yard dash	Boys under 16	3.00	2.00	
100-yard dash	Girls under 15	3.00	2.00	
Pillow fight	Boys any age	2.50	1.00	
Potato race	Girls under 15	3.00	2.00	\$ 1.00
Potato race	Boys under 15	3.00	2.00	1.00
100-yard dash	Open to all	7.50	3.00	
Three-legged race	Boys any age	3.00	2.50	
Fat men's race	Open to all	5.00	2.50	
Sack race	Boys any age	2.00	1.50	1.00
Greased pig chase	Open to all	5.00		
Climbing greased pole	Open to all	10.00		
Pie-eating contest	Boys any age	2.50	1.00	
One mile race	Open to all	10.00	5.00	
Old men's race	Open to all	5.00	2.50	
Wheelbarrow race	Open to all	5.00	2.50	
Pole vault	Open to all	5.00	2.50	
Double scull	Open to all	5.00	2.50	
Running high jump	Open to all	5.00	2.50	
Running broad jump	Open to all	5.00	2.50	
Shot put (16-pound)	Open to all	5.00	2.50	
Double scull	Open to all	10.00	5.00	
Double scull	Ladies	10.00	5.00	
Single scull	Open to all	5.00	2.50	
Single scull	Boys under 16	5.00	2.50	
Open to all	Open to all	20.00	10.00	
Log-rolling contest	Open to all	50.00	25.00	
Canoe race (crew)	Open to all	20.00	10.00	
Tug o' war	Open to all	50.00		

There will also be a gasoline launch race, open to all launches. The first and second prizes will be \$50 and \$25, and an entry fee of \$5 will be charged.

Alaska Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

WRANGEL.....ALASKA.

Wonder if Mrs. Russell Sage has Count Boni on her list.

The "lone bandit" industry has experienced several serious reverses lately.

Even the easy-going Frenchman makes a wry face when he tries to swallow Count Boni.

Brigands are reported to be active in Sicily. Perhaps Sicily is trying to be known as the Wall street of Italy.

A divorced couple named Carr have been reunited by their baby. This is something unique in the line of Carr couples.

The average man thinks he would have an excellent chance of occupying the presidential chair if the office sought the man.

A New York theater offers a free seat to every man who never lied to his wife. This is an absolutely costless bid for notoriety.

The man who insisted on tempting fate by going over Niagara Falls in a barrel has subsided, but the reckless balloonist is always with us.

A Massachusetts club woman wants a law prohibiting a man from marrying more than once. Why not make it to include pretty widows, too?

Miss Ida Tarbell is now engaged in a hand-to-hand combat with the tariff question. Has she exhausted all the possibilities of the John D. Rockefeller question?

The coal supply of the United States is said to be good for 5,000 years. That is, of course, if President Baer, the representative of Providence, doesn't become wasteful.

Countess de Castellane had to content herself with a divorce, the court, possibly through an oversight, having failed to order Boni to be taken out and drowned in a bag.

A New York church has secured a girl whistler in an attempt to increase the number of attendants at services. Why not a real whistler—an office boy or a telegraph messenger?

Notwithstanding the fact that a German savant has shown that the works of Shakespeare were produced by somebody else, Hall Caine continues to look as much like the immortal bard as possible.

Prof. Brander Matthews regards the English language as "violent, illogical, chaotic and absurd." Still, if the professor doesn't like it, he is at liberty to use any of the other numerous kinds on the market.

A New York Judge has rendered the opinion that it is no crime to bug a girl on a doorstep. Without touching upon the legality of the operation there are men who will cling to the opinion that it is exceedingly dangerous if the girl's father happens to be large and husky.

The Postoffice Department wants better roads for its rural carriers, better mail transportation on American ships and safe steel cars for clerks in the railway mail service. It ought to have all of these things. The work of the department in preventing frauds has become increasingly effective, and it may well be carried still farther. It is one of the most useful agencies on the side of sound public morals, just as the whole great postal system of disseminating knowledge is a priceless stimulus to national intelligence.

The fact that eight of the eleven members of the new French cabinet are or have been journalists demonstrates anew the importance of this profession in France. It is the avenue to distinction, as the bar is in England and the United States. The personal element in the French journals is of course the reason. The leading articles are signed, and a man may make a reputation through them in a few weeks, whereas the English or American journalist may write thousands of brilliant leaders and remain unknown. Which of the two systems is the better is a difficult question to decide, although many hold that the anonymous system is the more likely to secure a solid, well-balanced and responsible press.

Novelists, some of whom may never have owned a dress coat, used to be fond of drawing, in their tales, a sharp social distinction between persons who "dressed for dinner" and those who did not. Now the editor of a British medical journal has been discussing and commending from a hygienic point of view the habit of dressing for dinner. Every one knows that a change of clothing is often refreshing. The English editor believes that the effect is physical as well as mental, or physical through the mental stimulus, and advises that even the hard-working clerk, the shopkeeper and the laboring man cast off their workaday clothes and put on clean clothing for the evening meal, when the toll of the day is over.

Like a good many other current discoveries and gospels, the high-voiced talk respecting the necessity for restricting the right of marriage to phy-

sically sound people is as old as civilization. Indeed, the theory goes back of civilization and extends to barbarism, for many savage tribes summarily killed off the unfit. So far from permitting them to marry, they would not permit them to live. In an age when fighting was the chief end of man physical perfection was an indispensable qualification. The weaklings, male and female, had to go—the males because they could not fight and the females because they could not bear fighters. In this stage of the earth's progress the war factor does not enter into the matter so strongly, but all humane and discriminating people must and do agree that the mating of physical or mental weaklings, and especially those affected with the so-called hereditary diseases, is strongly to be deprecated on grounds of humanity and expediency. No reflecting person desires the degeneration of the race. But the contemporary clamor over the matter by people who put the question upon a purely animal basis will lead to nothing save the disinclination of most persons to discuss it at all. There can be no proper objection to necessary plain speaking, but there can be and there is an objection to continual harping on a subject which is perfectly familiar to everybody already. Nobody defends the mating of the unfit. The marriage of consumptives, for instance, is obviously wrong and undesirable. But the evil results of such a marriage can not be emphasized because everybody is fully aware of them already. The whole thing, in a few words, is the rediscovery by people who are always making such discoveries that two and two make four. The world has known it all along and to vociferate it in the market place does not make it either new or interesting.

Noah Webster, who was somewhat of a reformer in his day, would be gratified, no doubt, were he living, by the compliment of confidence paid to him by the House committee on appropriations, which has inserted a paragraph in the appropriation bill providing that the government printing office "shall follow the rules of orthography established by Webster or the other generally accepted dictionaries of the English language." This bill, when passed by the House and approved by the President, will put an end to the feeling of public unrest which has prevailed since the difference of opinion expressed by Mr. Roosevelt and Congress in the matter of the 900 words. Naturally it is not believed that the slight clash that has gently disturbed the delightful relations between the President and Congress in this diversity of view will extend to more serious matters. It is not feared that the painful disagreement which marred the administration of President Andrew Johnson will be repeated or that the country will be convulsed by another governmental wrangle. The acorn of dissent which has been born of so-called reform spelling will not be permitted to develop into a sturdy oak of distrust and wrath. Mr. Roosevelt has done what he could to mend—or to mar—spelling, and he still has it in his power by increased private correspondence to emphasize his convictions and repeat his conclusions. It is true that his messages will be printed in the Congressional Record with the antiquated spelling, but there is solace in the thought that, with the possible exception of the proofreaders, nobody will gloat over his discomfiture in the perusal of that medium of communication. It is pleasant to contemplate the settlement of this minor controversy accomplished in a manner so tactful, graceful and considerate, for, of course, in this instance Mr. Roosevelt will courteously yield to the wishes of Congress, just as he will expect Congress will in return defer to him in other matters of public policy.

Would Not Sell His Ancestors.
A plutocratic American of the last century who had seen the green acres and stately castle of an Irish estate sought out its impecunious owner with an offer to buy. Lord Blank, eager enough to transmute his profitless lands into pregnant gold, named a considerable, but reasonable, price as one he would be willing to take. "Very well," said the American, "I'll give that if the pictures go with the house." After a little reflection his lordship answered, "Yes, you can have the pictures, except, of course, the family portraits." "It's the portraits I want," said the other. "I wouldn't give a cent for the rest of 'em." "My property is not for sale under those conditions," said his lordship, turning on his heel and walking away, to the astonishment of the parvenu, who flung a "Stuck up beggar!" after the retreating figure.

I Love You.
A Danish paper compares "I love you" in many languages. Here are some of them—the Danish paper is our only authority for their correctness. The Chinaman says, "Uo ngai ni," the Armenian, "Ge sirem ez bez," the Arabian, very shortly, "Nehabeek;" the Egyptian, similarly, "Nackeb;" the Turk, "Sisi seveforum," and the Hindoo, "Main tym ko pljar karyn." But overwhelming is the declaration of love of an Eskimo, who tries to win the chosen one by the pleasing sound of the dainty little word: "Unlivfigssærnd, lunalarfamjunmarsiguk."

We wonder that it never occurs to a drunkard that he could attract a lot of favorable attention by remaining sober. Every man in town would congratulate him, and speak well of him, and help him in every way possible.

NEWS OF RECENT BOOKS



George Barr McCutcheon's new novel, "The Flyers," is a story about the elopements of two couples who meet and beget complications. It is a comedy of errors to make time for the reader pass at a rapid pace.

The newest biography of Napoleon is one by Dr. Max Lenz. An English translation is coming out shortly. The Paris Figaro, by the way, is quoted as saying that no fewer than between 500 and 600 plays—dramas, comedies and operettas—have had Napoleon for their hero.

A timely book to be published soon is a volume dealing with the economic development of the negro in the South by Booker T. Washington and W. E. Burghardt Du Bois. The ideas advanced by these men are said to be sane and logical and the remedies suggested for correcting the evils existing in the South are practicable and reasonable.

The Russians appear to be intensely interested in Conan Doyle's detective hero. In St. Petersburg five dramas clustering about the personality of Sherlock Holmes are now on the stage. Two are dramatizations of the stories; a third is called "Sherlock Holmes in St. Petersburg"; another is "Sherlock Holmes' Daughter," and the fifth is brought out as "Madame Sherlock Holmes."

The book on German Army life, "Aus einer Kleinen Garrison," which roused so much bitter feeling when it was first published, brought little but vexation to its author. A German correspondent says that Lieut. Bilse "received for its publication six months imprisonment, loss of his career, and—the munificent sum of \$165. The Viennese bookseller to whom he sold the right is said, on the other hand, to have netted \$11,000 through its sale, no single penny of which fortune came to the luckless author. The law allows it and the court awards it." The figures are well attested.

Among the judicious utterances on the question of spelling reform is this from Prof. Goldwin Smith: The language of Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, Burke and Macaulay has its qualities, and very high qualities they are, in a way, but regularity, either structural or phonetic, can never be one of them. You cannot cancel effects of English history. Simplified spelling might in a way be a gain. Simplification of the notation of time might very likely be a gain. But it would have involved a great confusion for some years and a jettison of our books. It surely is doubtful whether the change would pay.

He Acted for the Best.
The conditions under which one person may undertake to correct the habits or reform the manners of the public are so varied that it is often a difficult matter to decide what is best to be done. The author of "Other Memories, Old and New" describes an incident which came under his observation in England.

A very full train was within a few minutes of starting from Manchester for London. A gentleman had gone the whole length of the train and saw only one vacancy, and this was occupied by a Gladstone bag.

In his difficulty he opened the carriage door, and was about to remove the bag, when the passenger on the opposite corner told him that it belonged to a friend who had taken the seat.

"Well," said the other, who was evidently a man of experience and who grasped the situation, "the train will start in a minute, and I fear your friend will be too late. At any rate I must go to London by this train, and I will keep this seat till your friend arrives." He sat down and took the bag on his knee. Then he took out his watch and said, "There's only half a minute left. I'm afraid your friend will be too late."

He got up and kept looking out anxiously for the belated friend till the whistle sounded.

"Well," he said, "we're off. Your friend has lost the train, but he must not lose his bag," and with that he threw the bag out on the platform.

"Here! What are you doing?" cried the other man, but too late. "That was my bag!"

"What a pity!" returned the other, blandly. "I thought you said it was your friend's. It seemed a pity that he should suffer the loss of his luggage."

Comparatively Passable.
"Your verse," said the candid editor, "is 'rot.'"
"Indeed?" replied the persistent contributor. "And how about my prose?"
That isn't so bad, is it?
"Well, no, it isn't so bad, since it might have been verse."—Philadelphia Press.

Free Ride for School Children.
In Victoria, Australia, the children are carried to and from school on the electric cars free of charge.

A man is always disappointed in his wife's new dress for the reason that when he gave her the money it was so much he thought its results would be greater.

Some people pose as peacemakers, to further their chances of butting into the affairs of others.

MISS ANN.

Prim Miss Ann, with her straight black gown,
With her two little antique curls,
Walks down the street of the straggling town
By the racing boys and girls.
School is over and urchins are out
Mischief and fun are young,
And prim Miss Ann turns sharp about
To hear the chorus sung:
"Ann—Ann!
Can't get a man!
Hurry and catch him
As soon as you can!"

Prim Miss Ann, with her straight black gown,
Hastens her errand late,
There's a poor, quick pain in her eyes of brown
And a queer little halt in her gait.
But she holds up her head to the curious crowd
That smiles at her passing by,
With a gesture that once was reckoned proud,
As she hears the wavering cry:
"Ann—Ann!
Can't get a man!
Hurry and catch him
As soon as you can!"

Prim Miss Ann, that straight black gown
Hides a tender old heart, I know;
Else why does that worn face go cast down
And two tears trickle slow?
Do you think of a something buried deep
Where the dear lost longings are—
Of a something that still must turn and weep
As the chant comes faint and far:
"Ann—Ann!
Can't get a man!
Hurry and catch him
As soon as you can!"
—New York Press.

The Colorado Robbers

One tempest tossed night, weather bound at a small hotel on the stage route from Santa Fe, we met a fellow traveler in whom we became greatly interested. The howling gale and elemental uproar intensified the cosy cheer of our snug little parlor. The genial warmth from the heaped up coals in the grate stimulated conversation, and we soon launched upon a stream of startling adventures.

Among others, my companion, a finely built, athletic fellow, narrated an experience of the previous season, which he said, "made every hair stand on tip toe."

"How?" we asked. "You were in great peril?"
"One of those imminent risks that meet you at every turn. Four of us came in the stage from Santa Fe, the last of June I think. A young lady—governess in an officer's family—her escort, a wealthy merchant, reputable, with a guaranty of honor described on every line of his earnest face, and myself, were acquaintances; the other was a horseshoer of the company, bound for the stables at Denver.

"The lady—among the twenties—was so happy in the thought of going East and seeing her widowed mother—was so interested and full of life, that her joy rippled through our conversation like a merry warble.

"You'd like a personal description? Well, rather tall and willowy, eyes as black and full of sparkle as a frosty night, and hair commonly called red, but with a glint of gold in lines and dashes wherever the sunlight glanced across it. I saw it fully when she dropped her hat, and a stylish, neat affair it was, too—but I have not come to that yet.

"I'm sure you're aware of the brigandage for which that route is noted. I suspect the mountain passes of the Appenines hold no more mystery of crime than do the rocky passes of this fresh continent. Constantly facing danger, the pioneer acquires a hardihood that fits him for every fresh encounter of peril, however unusual. The periodic robbing of the stages has become so much of a fact that the express companies will take no more risks, and specie and treasures have to be taken East by private parties.

"As a government expert, I was well known to the bankers of Santa Fe. They never hesitated to intrust me with large amounts of gold, and this time was no exception. So I was loaded, partly by means of an inner belt around my waist, partly by a false bottom improvised in my valise by gumming strong wrapping paper over the precious parcels and inner lining of the bag.

"The day would have been intolerable for the cool currents that swept down the declivities and through the mountain ravines. Frequently during the day, up the steep ascents, we would get out and walk. It rested us and relieved the tedium of the drive. The lady was most charming, rattling her words like fine shot against our sallies of wit and wisdom, and turning into sport and jest our serious fears. She became confidential, and told us she expected to return to madame, with a military escort—if she returned at all. Her fiancé was a lieutenant, stationed now in Indian Territory; but when he received his furlough—well, very soon, perhaps—then we might expect to hear the wedding bells.

"I would like to be a little richer," she added, with a sigh, "but we must take what the good God gives us, and my treasure happens to be gold!"

"How much of a dot have you?" said the practical merchant.

"She laughed merrily.

"Are you a bandit in disguise?" then added, the fruits of my industry

amount to the heavy weight of one thousand in gold!"

"You haven't it with you?" he inquired, so quickly and earnestly that I was surprised.

"Come, you are accounted shrewd, just try and find out. I will answer all relevant questioning."

"He blushed and stammered an apology, and she sat for a moment on a rock that projected from the side of the road over the mountain edge. She had gathered stray flowers on her walk, diving under bushes and behind rocks, and was fastening them to her hat. A scarlet creeper ran around the base of the rock down the side of the mountain.

"Oh, that suits me. I must have it," she said, rising to her feet, and dropping hat and flowers in excitement. Just then a sudden eddy of wind came twisting round the corner of a fissure, and whirled hat and flowers round and round, lodging them beyond her power of recovery, on a narrow ledge of perpendicular rock, jutting out and inaccessible from the road.

"How, now, what will you do?" I said, half in sport at the possibility of a bareheaded companion for the rest of the trip.

"To my surprise, she looked the image of despair and grief; the color had faded out of her rosy cheeks, even her lips were ashy and pale. Her hands were clasped in the most agonizing expression, as she mutely gazed at the slender shape below, mocking her with airy grace of blooms.

"Oh, my friends! can't you recover that hat for me? Do, in pity, and I will thank you for my dying day!"

"No mother, appealing for her lost child, could have been more piteous, while tears stood in her eyes. I was half angry that any woman could be so metamorphosed by the loss of a hat. The merchant whistled, looked bewildered, but evidently didn't choose to risk his life. The driver and horseshoer came to her rescue; they fastened a hook to the end of a coil of rope, saying:

"Don't fear, miss, nor look so anxious; we'll rig something and get your hat."

"The driver stretched at full length with only his head and an arm over the precipice, and anchored firmly by the rest of the party, threw his rope, harpoon fashion, with an unerring aim. It caught on the rim, the hat was drawn up carefully and restored to the young girl, who with exhilarating color and



"DON'T STIR, OR YOU'RE A DEAD MAN!"

sparkling eyes, thanked the men profusely. They cut short her rhapsodies by jumping on the driver's box, and telling us to 'ble in.'

"Once inside, she said:

"As you are my friends, I must let you into the secret of my hat. All the money I possess is hidden in the lining—quilted in—and no highwayman would ever suspect the treasure hidden in such a cell, now would they?"

"We, of course, praised her ingenuity.

"A good thousand, is it?" said the merchant.

"The very sum," she replied.

"It was about two o'clock in the morning. We were well out of the formidable passes, driving briskly towards the Canadian fork. The full moon lightened our way, making the bushes and trees adjacent cast sharp, decided shadows across the road. I had exchanged places with the horseshoer. Inside they were dozing; but I was wakeful and alert. We beguiled the weary hours by story-telling. Suddenly I saw something moving in the shadow of the road beyond us.

"What is that?" I asked.

"The driver looked, his eyes rounding like the moon.

"Nothing but a burro!" referring to the pack mules that frequently strayed down the mountain side. It disappeared quickly in the shade, and from thence, instantly, as if by magic, jumped out into the road two men. They were hidden in huge slouch sombreros and army cloaks. The stoutest caught the saddle of the leaders, the other covering us with his gun shouted:

"Don't stir, or you're a dead man!"

"Advancing close, and keeping up within the range of his muzzle, he cried out:

"Pitch out the treasure box, quick! We are in a hurry!"

"The driver began to stammer a reply, shaking as if he had an ague stroke, but I hushed him with a whisper.

"Stop, stop! Let me talk to these men! There is no treasure aboard to-night," I answered coolly, at the same time swinging my body to and fro, backward and forward, to get out of the range of the muzzle; the man was evidently very nervous as well as very near.

"As I intended he should, he took me for an express messenger, and as neither driver nor messenger is supposed to possess any valuables, they are seldom molested by hold-up men.

"None of your nonsense," replied the bandit. "Hand out your treasure, or you will see trouble."

"The man at the reins evidently en-

joyed my endeavor to get out of range, for he squealed in a high, falsetto voice:

"Do them bar! look big?"

"Yes," I said, echoing the old joke current among the miners. "I can read all the advertisements on the wadding."

"Come, leave out that specie box," said the one man.

"I insisted that there was none. Here, look at the way bill; if there is any such thing aboard it will be among the items, and I made a move to get down, holding the way bill in my hand.

"Stay where you are, or I'll shoot you!"

"I threw him the way bill. He dropped his gun and picked it up. Profiting by this action, I undertook to slip my portmanteau into my boots, and moved my hands around to get into my pocket. The driver, misunderstanding the movement, whispered:

"Have you got one?"

"The man at the reins noticed the conferring and halted to us. The other instantly raised his gun.

"None of that! Hands up!"

"We threw up our hands, and he again turned to the way bill. I managed, though, to secrete my money, slipping it into my boot.

"You see, there's no mention made of the treasure, and if it was sent it would be noted on the bill. However, you can look in the box and satisfy yourself."

"He hesitated but a moment and then jumped up and looked in the box; in so doing he kicked my valise.

"Open this," said he. I did so, taking out carefully its contents and letting him look inside; the wrapping paper deceived him.

"No," he cried, "there's no treasure on this stage, but we've sworn to have a hundred dollars to-night, and if we can't find it in the treasure box we may find it in the baggage. Who's inside?"

"Two men and a lady. None of them rich; one is a horseshoer going to Denver to shoe the company's horses."

"We'll look out for 'em. Whatever happens, don't stir on your peril. We may find money on them or in their luggage."

"I felt terribly for the young girl. The perspiration stood in great beads of agony all over my body.

"It was evident they were sleeping. The man rattled the door and roused them. Presenting his gun, he ordered them out to be searched. They obeyed, half asleep. He placed them in a row.

"Hands up," he said. "Now for your pockets!" The horseshoer had but two dollars in silver, the merchant's portmanteau showed but five, and the young lady's showed nothing but her papers and a little change. The girl, I was sure, looked as if she would swoon.

"You're a mean crowd to have so little with you," said he, and I've a mind to send you to heaven this very night. A hundred dollars we must have this very night, so we'll go for your baggage."

"The merchant then spoke.

"You'll find nothing of account in our baggage, but if you'll ask this young lady for her hat, and rip out the lining, you will find something for your pains."

"The girl turned toward him with blazing eyes and uttered but the one word:

"Traitor!"

"There was no escape; the hat was secured. After the lining was very carefully ripped out it was returned with thanks.

"In luck, in luck," said the highwayman. "Jump in, all. I'm sorry for your loss, miss, but we are bound to take whatever is sent us. We have no treasure, but this will do. Drive on."

"I want the way bill," I said excitedly, for the scene I had just witnessed increased my indignation to fever heat.

"He handed it to me, but it fluttered under the horses' feet, and again I demanded it. Mechanically he picked it up and handed it to me. Then, touching his hat to the lady, said:

"But for this lining you might have been lying in yonder ditch. No treasure on board. Come this way next time without it and we'll finish your accounts. Drive on!"

"We gladly followed his advice, but could not find words strong enough to express our contempt for the meanness of the merchant. The driver swore at him in Spanish, and the young lady answered all attempts at consolation with hysterical sobs. The merchant alone preserved his cool equanimity of temper.

"Arriving at Denver, he begged the young lady very earnestly, with me as her friend, to grant him a few moments of explanation in a private parlor. He was so in earnest that the young lady yielded a reluctant consent.

"He closed the door and bolted it, which looked very strange.

"Don't fear," he said, as I fumbled for my revolver. Sitting in a chair, he pulled off his boot, and from the toe pulled out a roll of greenbacks. Said he: 'A few days before leaving, I was lucky enough to find an opportunity to exchange my doubloons for these. My poor child, let me make a restitution. Here are two thousand in bills for the one thousand secured by the robbers'—handing her that amount—your lining was a godsend to me. If they had searched me further, they would have secured twenty thousand instead of one thousand. Concealed in my baggage are diamonds and other precious stones, which if they had secured would have begged me.' Taking a solitaire from his vest lining, he presented that also for her acceptance. 'I should have explained in the stage, but walls have

ears, and why should I trust my secrets to others?"

"Of course, as it turned out, I was highly pleased at the sagacity of the gentleman; the more so as I recollected the responsibility of the specie I, too, had assumed. I need not tell you that the lady's tears transmuted into rare smiles and she was sent to her home rejoicing."—Pennsylvania Grit.

STILL TRAFFIC IN SLAVES.

Portuguese in West Africa Doing a Systematic Business.

Portuguese West Africa is one part of the world where the slave trade still flourishes, according to Harper's Magazine. The writer thus describes what he saw at Benguela:

A day or two before the steamer is due to depart a kind of ripple seems to pass over the stagnant town. Officials stir, clerks begin to crawl about with pens, the long, low building called the tribunal opens a door or two, a window or two and looks quite busy. Then, early one morning, the curador arrives and takes his seat in the long, low room as representing the benedict government of Portugal. Into his presence the slaves are herded in gangs by the official agent. They are ranged up and in accordance with the decree of Jan. 29, 1903, they are asked whether they go willingly as laborers to San Thome. No attention of any kind is paid to their answer. In most cases no answer is given. Not the slightest notice would be taken of a refusal.

The legal contract for five years' labor on the island of San Thome or Principe is then drawn out and, also in accordance with the decree, each slave receives a tin disk with his number, the initials of the agent who secured him and, in some cases though not usually at Benguela, the name of the island to which he is destined. He also receives in a tin cylinder a copy of his register, containing the year of contract, his number and name, his birthplace, his chief's name, the agent's name and "observations," of which last I have never seen any. Exactly the same ritual is observed for the women as for the men.

The disks are hung round their necks, the cylinders are slung at their sides and the natives, believing them to be some kind of fetish or "white man's ju-ju," are rather pleased. All are then ranged up and marched out again, either to the compounds, where they are shut in, or straight to the pier, where the lighters, which are to take them to the ship, lie tossing upon the waves.

The climax of the farce has now been reached. The deed of pitiless hypocrisy has been consummated. The requirements of legalized slavery have been satisfied. The government has "redeemed" the slaves which its own agents have so diligently and so profitably collected. They went into the tribunal as slaves; they have come out as "contracted laborers."

No one in heaven or on earth can see the smallest difference, but by the change of name Portugal stifles the embodied protests of nations like the English and by the excuse of law she smooths her conscience and whitens over one of the blackest crimes which even Africa can show.

SAILOR SIGNS AND TOKENS.

Many Strange Superstitions of Those Who Roam the Oceans.

There is a general idea that the sailor labors under more than the one pet superstition popular tradition assigns to each individual. J. D. J. Kelley, although he declares that "tars" are no more superstitious than any of their equals in training and opportunities, cites in "The Ship's Company" many of the signs and tokens in which those "who go down to the sea in ships" put their faith.

In the past superstition was a part of every ship; it entered into its keel, climbed to its flag, ran at its launching, controlled its crew and cargo, evoked portents and governed its ventures and arrivals.

A bit of stolen wood was always mortised into the keel to make a ship sail fast. A silver coin was placed in the mainmast step to insure lucky ventures. The modern christening by the wine bottle arose from the ancient libations poured on the deck by priests.

On a sailing ship lawyers, women and the clergy are looked upon with disfavor, as they are supposed to bring ill luck. Every black cat that comes on board "carries a gale in her tail." Whistling is much against the prophecies of sea life. If one whistles for a breeze he is only too apt to bring a tornado.

Ship bells are blessed and to this day if a mistake is made in striking one it is immediately struck backward to break the spell. The belief in the desertion of a sinking ship by rats is founded on reason, for rats like to be dry footed and when a vessel is unsafe it becomes leaky under deck and too wet for the creatures' comfort.

Figureheads were first images of gods, then of saints and sea heroes. Chinese junks bear two glaring eyes on their bows, for "No have two eyes, how can see? No see, how can go?"—Youth's Companion.

Underground Railroad for Japan.

There is to be an underground railway across busy, crowded Tokio. The distance is to be twelve miles and the cost of construction will not be less than \$625,000 a mile. The

CLASSIFIED ADS

NOTICE—The following announcements are from leading business men and firms, and are well worth your careful reading. The list may contain just the proposition you are looking for.

REAL ESTATE

\$10.00 DOWN—\$10.00 MONTHLY.
Send in for booklet describing our guaranteed investment at JAMIESON PARK, a suburb of Spokane.

An investment here enjoys all the security and protection offered by a savings bank or Life Insurance Company, but the returns will net from 50 per cent to 100 per cent on the investment.

Let us mail you full particulars; a postal card will bring them.

BABCOCK & MOSS,
Selling Agents.
Spokane, Wash. National Bank Ref.

EAST GREENACRES.

The only tracts on the market where you can contract to sell your crop. Ten trains a day. Abundance of water. Price \$150.00 per acre—easy payments—come in or write for particulars.
BEECHER & THOMPSON.

Spokane, Wash. 110 Stevens.
WE BUY Timber lands from owners.
SPARKS BROS., 14 Bernard, Spokane, Wash.

Coeur d'Alene Reservation will open soon; choice land 55 miles from Spokane. Coeur d'Alene Reservation Agency, 17-18 Exchange Building, Spokane, Wash.



20-MULE-TEAM BORAX

Softens Water, makes the Skin Clear, removes Pimples and Blackheads, Whitens the Hands, frees the Scalp from Dandruff and makes Beautiful Hair.
All dealers, 5-10-15 lbs. Sample and some picture and booklet 5 cts. **PACIFIC COAST BORAX CO.,** Oakland, Cal.

LILL'S BEST FLY KILLER

Means cash in your pocket, because comfortable crows mean more milk, more cream and more money. Ask for Lill's Best Fly Killer. It costs less and does more. Sold by dealers. Qts., 25 cts.; gals., \$1.00. Made by Chas. H. Lill Co., Seattle, Portland, San Francisco.



Hark ye! List and likewise hear! Are we now not drawing near Summer time? Oh happy thought! Surely it is time we ought Lots to buy for spec or site Oh we've got the thing all right Call around, make no omission Hassloch's is the Addition Every lot has got a view Really this should interest you!

As to price, now buyer thrifty—Don't you think they're worth one fifty? Double sure they will by fall Increase then your nest egg small Take our hint—Heed our advice If you really have the price, One fourth cash and balance easy Now don't say our terms aren't breezy.

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Old Favorites

God's First Temples.

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned

To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave, And spread the roof above them—ere he framed

The lofty vault, to gather and roll back The sound of anthems—in the darkling wood,

Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks

And supplication. For his simple heart Might not resist the sacred influences, That, from the stilly twilight of the place,

And from the gray old trunks, that, high in heaven, Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound

Of the invisible breath that swayed at once All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed

His spirit with the thought of boundless power And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect

God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore Only among the crowd, and under roofs That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,

Here, in the shadow of this aged wood, Offer one hymn thrice happy, if it find Acceptance in His ear.

—William Cullen Bryant.

Just as the Sun Went Down.

Two soldiers lay on the battlefield At night when the sun went down. One held a lock of thin grey hair And one held a lock of brown.

One thought of his sweetheart back at home, Happy and young and gay, And one of his mother left alone, Feeble, and old, and grey.

Each in the thought that a woman cared Murmured a prayer to God, Lifting his gaze to the blue above, There on the battle sod.

Each in the joy of a woman's love, Smiled through the pain of death: Murmured the sound of a woman's name, Though with his parting breath.

Pale grew the dying lips of each, Then, as the sun went down, One kissed a lock of thin grey hair, And one kissed a lock of brown.

—Waldron W. Anderson.

DECADENCE OF THE "CLOG."

Dance that Started Sixty Years Ago Has Become Obsolete.

More than sixty years ago "Dick" Sands, then a young man, entertained his friends at his home in Lancashire, England, by dancing in heavy, stiff-soled shoes. Holding his body rigid, his arms folded or hanging by his side, he danced on his toes and heels, each tap in time with the music. From Lancashire he went to London, where he danced on the stage. Each time that he practiced his act a man stood beneath the stage floor and noted when a tap of the heel or toe was indistinct or not in time with the music. Then he came to America. His coming was the introduction of clog dancing in this country.

The dance of Sands was popular. Wherever he went crowds saw him and were pleased. Soon hundreds of others had copied the dance and for years a variety, burlesque or vaudeville performance was not considered up to date without a clog dancer. To-day dancing—heel and toe dancing—is just as popular in minstrel shows, burlesque and even in comic opera, but it has changed. The steps of the old clog dance are still retained, but the performers have improved them. No longer do they stand rigidly. They have added graceful swerves and sidesteps that are intended to make the act more attractive. So the dance is now called the buck dance.

The change to buck dancing came about fifteen years ago. None of the many hundreds of dancers on the stage to-day is doing genuine clog dancing. In the original clog there were only fourteen steps. Each tap of the toe or heel on the floor was necessary. The dancers wore shoes with wooden soles. Later in order to increase the sound of the taps steel washers were placed loosely in the heels or the edge of the sole was not tacked down tightly, so that "whip crack" sound was obtained. But the dancer now uses his entire body, kicking, turning somersaults, shuffling his feet. It isn't strictly clog dancing—far from it. Clog dancing is practically obsolete. —Kansas City Times.

What a Pine Tree Is Worth.

From the standpoint of industrial utility, says Professor Duncan, the subject of cellulose can only be characterized as stupendous. Take a pine tree, for instance. Standing it is worth \$10 a ton; cut and stripped it is worth \$15; boiled into pulp it is worth \$40; bleached it is worth \$55; turned into viscose and spun into silk it is worth \$5,500.

Thomas Can Bat Either Way.

In Will Thomas, outfielder, the Cincinnati Reds have another of those rare players who, like Miller Huggins, possess the ability to bat from either side of the plate.

The choir seems to be usually made up of those who are willing, instead of those who can sing.

Most of us would be willing to eat greens awhile, if that would solve the dandelion question.

Nothing I Ate Agreed With Me



MRS. LENORA BODENHAMER.

Mrs. Lenora Bodenhamer, R. F. D. 1, Box 99, Kernersville, N. C., writes:

"I suffered with stomach trouble and indigestion for some time, and nothing that I ate agreed with me. I was very nervous and experienced a continual feeling of uneasiness and fear. I took medicine from the doctor, but it did me no good."

"I found in one of your Peruna books a description of my symptoms. I then wrote to Dr. Hartman for advice. He said I had catarrh of the stomach. I took Peruna and Manalin and followed his directions and can now say that I feel as well as I ever did."

"Those that all who are afflicted with the same symptoms will take Peruna, as it has certainly cured me."

The above is only one of hundreds who have written similar letters to Dr. Hartman. Just one such case as this one titles Peruna to the candid consideration of every one similarly afflicted. If this be true of the testimony of one person, what ought to be the testimony of hundreds, yes thousands, of honest, sincere people. We have in our files a great many other testimonials.

A Song of Spring.

Now lift your voice up and yell, For gone is winter's way, This mundane ball on which we live Begins to play.

The young folks blisful dwell With solitaires in view, And on the field we gladly hail The diamond, too.

The tree beneath the genial sun Puts forth a tender shoot, And man himself, in modest way, Begins to root.

So brimming joy is in our life And overflows our cup, For in the baseball bat the map Is running up.

—McLanburgh Wilson in Judge.

The man who is always grumbling because he has to work for a living, is in a fair way to get nothing more out of his labor.

The National Game.

"The management seems to be trying to hand out a square deal."

"Still, there is some kicking."

"That's an account of the misdeeds. They're bound to happen."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Swallowing your indignation will not satisfy your thirst for revenge.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Powder. A powder. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Sold by all Drug-gists. Price 25c. Trial package mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, New York.

A Western lecturer says women ought to dress more sensibly. If that means less expensively, he will make a lot of friends among the men in this country.

Cheese Fingers.

The cheese fingers are quickly made and very savory. Mix one cupful of flour, quarter teaspoonful of salt, a dash of cayenne, a half teaspoonful of baking powder; rub into this two tablespoonfuls of butter, add a half cupful of grated cheese, and mix to a dough with ice water. Roll out in a thin sheet, cut in half-inch strips with a jagged iron and bake pale brown in a moderate oven.

When the Hair Falls

Then it's time to act! No time to study, to read, to experiment! You want to save your hair, and save it quickly, too! So make up your mind this very minute that if your hair ever comes out you will use Ayer's Hair Vigor. It makes the scalp healthy. The hair stays in. It cannot do anything else. It's nature's way.

The best kind of a testimonial—Sold for over sixty years.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufactured by S. S. PARILLA, PILLS, CHERRY PECTORAL.

Could Be Both.

"When that new theater in your town was opened was the house papered?"

"Oh, dear, no! It was all frescoed."

—Baltimore American.

Science AND Invention

The Italian cabinet has decided that the excavations at Herculaneum shall be carried out by the Italian government with Italian money.

Madrid's Official Gazette publishes an agreement with France for the construction of three railways through the Pyrenees. An engagement is entered into for the two countries to build the lines and construct the necessary tunnels within ten years.

Glass bath tubs are being made in Germany and are said to have advantages over the metal and enamel, the principal one being that they are much cheaper. They are made in a solid piece, and one can be turned out complete in about five minutes.

Four hundred pounds of obsolete German pennies of about the same proportion of copper and tin as used in high conductivity electrical castings have, it is said, recently been purchased at 21 cents a pound by the United States manufacturers, being cheaper now than electrolytic copper.

During excavation near Prospect Park, Reading, England, a workman struck his pick against something hard, and on removing the clay he unearthed a quern, or hand mill, which had probably come from the neighboring Romano-British city of Silchester, which was on the great trade routes. The relic has been deposited in the Reading museum.

The coal-testing plant of the Geological Survey, established a few years ago, has proved that much of the present waste from coal-mines can be utilized to great advantage. For example, slack coal and other waste sizes can be formed into briquets, which for power-supplying purposes are usually superior to lump coal from the same mines. Another product of the mines which the miners have always regarded as waste is "bone" coal, which contains more than 45 per cent of ash. This, it has been shown, can be usefully employed in gas producing. It is believed that old dumps will also prove available for this purpose.

The caves of southern France are the most remarkable in the world for their wall pictures, made by prehistoric men, who were contemporary with the mammoth, the rhinoceros and the reindeer in that country. Some of the pictures are engraved in the rock, some are painted with different colors. They usually represent extinct animals, such as cave-lions and cave-bears. A faithful representation of the rhinoceros, with its two horns of unequal length, is found in a cavern at Font-de-Gaume. The prehistoric artists made their paint of ochre of various shades, pulverized and mixed in mortars. Four phases of advance in this troglodyte art have been distinguished by explorers, most of whose discoveries have been made within the past four years.

THE SPHERE OF SEX.

Men and Women Do Different Things in Widely Different Ways.

Man is a creature of cast-iron habits; woman adapts herself to circumstances. This is foundation of the moral difference between them.

A man does not attempt to drive a nail unless he has a hammer; a woman does not hesitate to utilize any thing, from the heel of a boot to the back of a brush.

A man considers a corkscrew absolutely necessary to open a bottle; a woman attempts to extract the cork with the scissors. If she does not succeed readily, she pushes the cork in the bottle, since the essential thing is to get at the fluid.

Shaving is the only use to which a man puts a razor; a woman employs it for cutting corns.

When a man writes, everything must be in apple-pie order—pen, paper and ink must be just so; a profound silence must reign while he accomplishes this important function. A woman gets any sheet of paper, sharpens a pencil with the scissors, puts the paper on an old atlas, crosses her feet, balances herself on her chair, and confides her thoughts to paper, changing from pencil to pen, and vice versa from time to time, nor does she care if the children romp or the cook comes to speak to her.

A man storms if the blotting paper is not conveniently near; a woman dries the ink by blowing on it, waving the paper in the air, or holding it near a lamp or fire.

A man drops a letter unhesitatingly in the box; a woman rereads the address, assures herself that the envelope is sealed, the stamp secure, and then throws it violently into the box.

A man can cut a book only with a paper cutter; a woman deftly inserts a hairpin, and the book is cut.

For a man "good-by" signifies the end of a conversation and the moment of his departure; for a woman it is the beginning of a new chapter, for it is just when they are taking leave of each other that women think of the most important topics of conversation.

A woman ransacks her brain trying to mend a broken object; a man puts it aside and forgets that for which there is no remedy. Which is the superior? —Popular Magazine.

SNOW ROLLERS OF VERMONT.

Simple Device in Use for Keeping Highways Passable All Winter.

Snow rollers are used extensively in Vermont and other States of the northern border, says the Springfield Republican. The snow roller is a new contrivance, but has been in use in Vermont for many years. Nearly all of the Vermont townships own several. It has never been displaced by a more modern device for opening the winter roads, and has proved to be not only the easiest and cheapest means of overcoming drifts, but also a producer of better winter roads.

One used in the town of East Hardwick has been in service for twenty years. It has rollers, both of which are six feet in diameter, each nine feet wide with a space of about nine inches between. Thus it will be seen that the whole roller presents a total width to the roadway of nearly twenty feet, enough to make ample room for traffic by going over a roadway once.

The rollers are usually drawn by four heavy horses and are taken on circuits that vary from six to nine miles in length.

Of course the rollers cannot surmount all drifts, and the men who accompany them are often obliged to get down and shovel. But even then the final results are way and beyond those obtained by the plow method.

The rollers, heavy in themselves, are often ballasted, and they pack the snow down into an even roadway that is without ruts and is not cut up easily. As the winter progresses, with alternate thaws and storms, and each succeeding snowfall is packed down by the rollers, a road of remarkable durability results.

These hard, frozen roadways resist the coming of spring for a long time, prolonging the "sledding" through the sugar season, and obviating to a large degree the usual bad going of spring.

The roads last so long that when they finally do succumb it is rapidly, owing to the advanced sun, and the mud and slush is soon gone.

LEGAL INFORMATION.

Where A holds a mortgage on a farm and assigns the same to B, and B assigns the same to C, only C need to give a satisfaction of the mortgage when the same is paid. By recording the assignments of mortgage, the records show that C is the owner thereof, and that he is the proper party to satisfy the mortgage.

One has no right to shoot a strange dog, that simply happens about his premises, and is liable to the owner in any damages for so doing. One, however, has the right to shoot a dog that is a nuisance because of his killing sheep or other animals, or because of the likelihood that he will otherwise do injury to a party either in person or property.

The railway company is not liable for killing a calf upon a public crossing, unless it could have avoided the killing by due diligence. The railway company is bound to fence its track and is liable for damages done to all stock straying upon the tracks because of a failure to build such fence, upon the theory that such killing is through the negligence of the railway. But it is not bound to look out for stock upon crossings.

"When a teacher in a public school of a common school district in Minnesota refuses to pay his board bill, can the wages of such teacher be garnished in order to recover payment of such bill?" Anna—Yes. Counties, towns, cities, villages and school districts are liable to garnishment in Minnesota, the same as is an individual, since 1901. As a general rule public corporations are not garnishable, upon the grounds that it is against public policy, but the statutes in many States have changed the rule, as it should be. There is no more reason why a municipality should not be garnishable than a railway company, a corporation, or any individual.

"Does a railroad company have to construct crossings for farms?" Anna—"Any railroad company constructing a railroad so as to leave a part of a farm on either side of the railway, shall construct a proper farm crossing convenient for such farm." This provision seems to apply to the road when it is first put through. Another provision of the statute provides that "persons owning land abutting upon a railroad may construct at their own expense, crossings and drains in such place and in such manner as not to impair the use of such railroad, which crossings and drains shall be maintained and kept in repair by the company." From this it would seem to follow that the railroad companies are not obliged to put in crossings for farms that have been cut up after the railroad was put through.

Some Encouragement at Least.

"So the editor sent your poem back to you," remarked the sympathetic friend.

"Yes," replied Woodby Rhimes.

"Any comment?"

"Er—yes; he said my 'handwriting was quite promising.'"—Philadelphia Press.

One Man's Opinion.

"What's your opinion—does the man or the woman have the better time in life?"

"That's as old as Adam—and everybody knows he got the worst of it."—Washington Star.

CATARRH BLOOD AND SYSTEM DISORDERED

Catarrh is not merely an inflammation of the tissues of the head and throat, as the symptoms of ringing noises in the ears, mucous dropping back into the throat, continual hawking and spitting, etc., would seem to indicate; it is a blood disease in which the entire circulation and the greater part of the system are involved. Catarrh is due to the presence of an excess of uric acid in the blood. The Liver, Kidneys and Bowels frequently become torpid and dull in their action and instead of carrying off the refuse and waste of the body, leave it to sour and form uric acid in the system. This is taken up by the blood and through its circulation distributed to all parts of the system. These impurities in the blood irritate and inflame the different membranes and tissues of the body, and the contracting of a cold will start the secretions and other disgusting and disagreeable symptoms of Catarrh. As the blood goes to all parts of the body the catarrhal poison affects all parts of the system. The head has a tight, full feeling, nose continually stopped up, pains above the eyes, slight fever comes and goes, the stomach is upset and the entire system disordered and affected by this disease. It is a waste of time to try to cure Catarrh with sprays, washes, inhalations, etc. Such treatment does not reach the blood, and can, therefore, do nothing more than temporarily relieve the discomfort of the trouble. To cure Catarrh permanently the blood must be thoroughly purified and the system cleansed of all poisons, and at the same time strengthened and built up. Nothing equals S. S. S. for this purpose. It attacks the disease at its head, goes down to the very bottom of the trouble and makes a complete and lasting cure. S. S. S. removes every particle of the catarrhal poison from the blood, making this vital stream pure, fresh and healthy. Then the inflamed membranes begin to heal, the head is loosened and cleared, the hawking and spitting cease, every symptom disappears, the constitution is built up and vigorous health restored. S. S. S. also tones up the stomach and digestion and acts as a fine tonic to the entire system. If you are suffering with Catarrh begin the use of S. S. S. and write us a statement of your case and our physicians will send you literature about Catarrh, and give you special medical advice without charge. S. S. S. is for sale at all first class drug stores.

I had Catarrh for about fifteen years, and no man could have been worse. I tried everything I could hear of, but no good resulted. I then began S. S. S., and could see a little improvement from the first bottle, and after taking it a short while was cured. This was six years ago, and I am as well today as any man. I think Catarrh is a blood disease, and know there is nothing on earth better for the blood than S. S. S. Nobody thinks more of S. S. S. than I do. **M. MATSON,** Lapeer, Mich.

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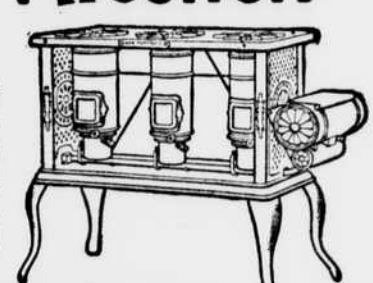
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THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1907.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
A. V. R. SNYDER & SON

GEORGE C. L. SNYDER
MANAGER

Entered November 20, 1902, at the U. S. Postoffice in Wrangell, Alaska, as mail matter of the second class, according to the act of congress, March 3, 1879.

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JOB WORK

This office is equipped for all classes of commercial job printing, and reasonable prices will be furnished upon application.

This is July 4th, 1907. Before our readers have scanned the pages of Sentinel, the booming of cannon and the exploding of other combustibles will have awakened this Nation to a realization that it is a day that has been handed down to us to be honored and respected throughout this whole land—Alaska with those sections that have long since been brought into full fellowship and enjoy the full privileges of American citizenship. However, let us not complain or feel discouraged, but see to it that Wrangell does her share in celebrating the day in a fitting and patriotic manner. Let us imagine that we can see the old sexton as he grasps the rope to the old bell that is about to proclaim Liberty throughout the land, and as its tones peal forth the glad announcement let us join the throngs in the universal chorus, "Union and Liberty, one and inseparable, now and forever."

Mr. K. J. Johansen is perhaps one of the best and most observant fishermen in Alaska, and it is his opinion that the greatest menace to the fishing industry is the great number of seal that inhabit these waters. At the mouth of the Stikine River, the other day, Mr. J. says he counted fifty-five of these fish destroyers within a radius of 100 yards. And these, he says, were but an index of what they are throughout the waters of southeast Alaska. These animals of the deep each eat on an average one king salmon or several of the smaller species of salmon, per day, taking only the choicest. And they do not stop at what they eat, but like playful dog pups in a flock of lambs, they kill scores of fish just for the sport. In many instances, Mr. Johansen says, hundreds of fish have been killed in his net and then left, after cutting the throats and sucking the blood. It is the gentleman's opinion that no one hatchery in Alaska would begin to supply the number of fish destroyed by seals. And they not only destroy the fish, but are a great nuisance and hindrance to fishermen, often becoming entangled in the nets and tearing them to pieces. In Norway, at one time, fisheries and fishermen experienced this same trouble from seal, and it was only after the government took the matter in hand and offered a bounty sufficient to justify the hunting and killing of them, that the pests were exterminated. This will have to be done here if our government expects the salmon industry to remain profitable in the future. A seal is shy and a hard animal to kill; their skins are worth only 50 cents, which does not pay for the bother of capturing him. But let a bounty of \$2.50 or \$5 be placed on a seal and men can hunt them with a small profit to themselves and great benefit to the fishing industry of Alaska.

The postal authorities will confer a favor on Wrangell people by

holding the mail for this place either at Juneau or Ketchikan for boats running directly from those places to Wrangell. This eight and ten day proposition, via Cape Chacon and the West Coast of the Prince of Wales is not what the people of this section are entitled to nor what the authorities would sanction if they fully understood matters. If this part of Alaska has a mail agent that has the interests of the people and service at heart, he might, with propriety, look into this matter.

CONCERNING THE NORTLAND

The following is part of a letter written by the Rev. J. W. Chapman of Christ Church Mission, Anvik, to a physician living on the coast, who had visited Anvik some months before. It is interesting in that it shows what is possible in the way of gardening and stock-raising:

"Your 5,000 miles of travel to get 500 miles from your starting point is one of those things that will always be told about Alaska, at least so long as I live, for it is too good to be suppressed.

What you say about the railroad from Seward is the most definite news that we have heard yet, and very interesting to us folks who have to wait so long for our winter mails. There is more in Alaska than most people think. Since before the Klondike strike I have noticed that it has been a steady expansion of traffic, no matter what the reports of new diggings, etc., might be. Development has only begun. This neighborhood has nothing in particular to attract settlers, yet there are now enough steady white settlers to join together in some common occupation, and make a little settlement of their own, and they will have to do it. It is too much trouble and annoyance for men of so much energy and so well adapted to work together to live apart from one another. What can they do?

Well, I should imagine from the signs that beef, butter, cheese, eggs, poultry, salt and smoked salmon, and perhaps hay, are going to be very much in demand.

A new and good strike is reported on the Tanana, or perhaps it is old diggings that are turning out better than heretofore; at any rate, there will be a lot of people, and some more tramp boats. Alaska can furnish these people with a good proportion of their food. Cattle keeping is no longer an experiment. Chickens are on the same basis. We wintered a cow and a bull this season, and we know the possibilities. Four tons of hay will winter a cow. My hay cost less than nine dollars per ton, and I have already had 1,750 quarts of milk from the one cow, and am still getting five and a half quarts per day. The yield, so far, is surely worth \$175—enough to pay for the purchase and transportation of the cow and her keep for a year. We fed her liberally upon grain, but it gave out a couple of weeks ago, and all she gets now is native hay and a little bran, yet her yield has not fallen off, and I conclude that the native hay, with turnips, etc., will do, without the importation of grain. This is important to settlers. Again I conclude that beef can be raised at a cost of not over 10c. per pound. This is also important; and another good thing to know is, that our stock came through an unusually severe winter in capital shape, without artificial heat in the stable or even the necessity of using any blankets. I understand that your neighborhood is much better adapted to cattle raising than ours, and if so, it seems as though there ought to be something in it.

My great point is, that when all these things are better known, men will be more willing to look upon Alaska as a place of permanent residence. I think that the demonstration of the agricultural possibilities, etc., has been sufficiently made for this section, notably by the Mission at Holy Cross; but the demonstration of how this knowledge may be turned to account to support a population will probably be made by the half dozen or so of white men in this vicinity who are legitimately married to native women, and have children growing—Alaska Cross-Bearers.

The bonding of the Glacier Basin property by men of means, bodes much good for this section. For many years past it has been known to a reasonable certainty that the mainland in the vicinity of the Basin properties contained much valuable ore. A number of claims have been taken; but the locators have not had sufficient capital to develop them, and as a consequence the properties have laid dormant. But now that men of means have been attracted this way, we look for some satisfactory developments. The mineral is there; all that is needed is to take it out.

In times past there have been many theories advanced for getting water into Wrangell; but it ended in "theory" only. But the Sentinel believes that the movement now on foot is of a stable and substantial character. The men behind the project are men of means, and have the work at heart. Therefore Wrangell may confidently expect to have a good system of waterworks within the next year.

It is a little early for the big game hunters to arrive for up the Stikine. But they are coming in droves, a little later on, for word has gone out that the Upper Stikine beats the world for big game.

DR. HARRY C. DeVIGHNE

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